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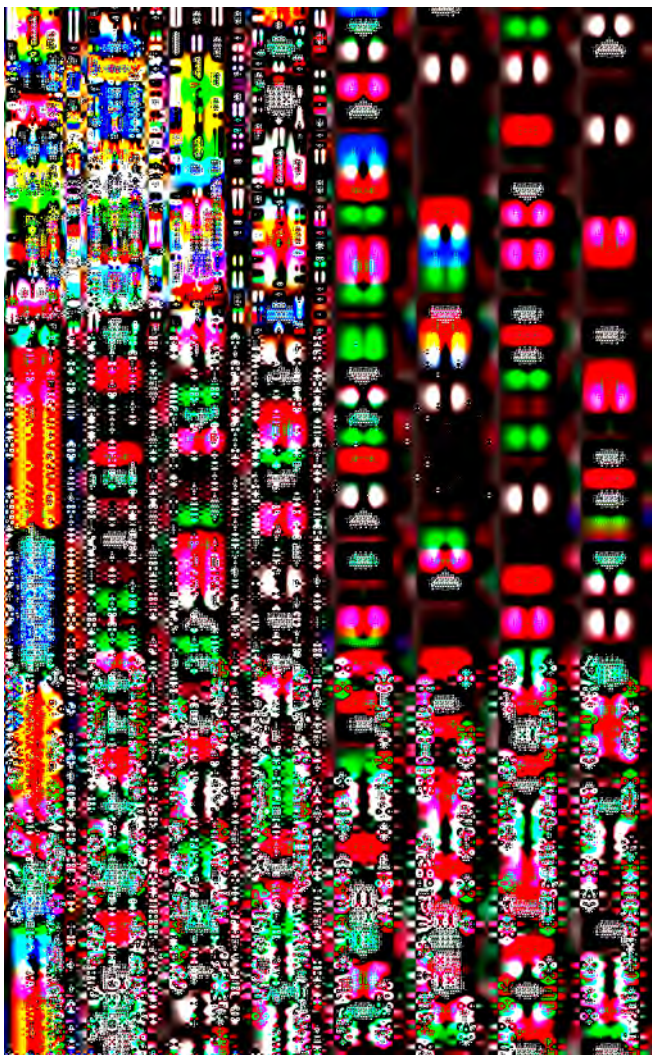
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“Giving thanks unto the Father.” Paul.

“This is life eternal; that they might know thee,
THE ONLY TRUE GOD, and Jesus Christ, whom thou
hast sent.” John 17. 3.

WASHINGTON:

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HYMNS.

1. L. M.

1

**ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.**

2

**Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.**

3

**Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.**

4

**Spread thy great name through every land;
In every breast erect thy throne;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivall'd, God alone.**

2. L. M.

1

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
And his unrivall'd glories sing.

2

The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life and all its blessings give;
And still his guardian care we own,
And still upon his bounty live.

3

Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises in his courts appear;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4

For God, and he alone, is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth hath always firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

3. L. M.

1

**GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through:
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known,**

2

**Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.**

3

**Yet, Lord! thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.**

4

**Oh may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace:
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!**

4. L. M.

1

YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2

Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

4

But oh that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love!
Thither, my soul! with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore.

5. P. M.

1

RAISE your voice, and joyful sing
Praise to your eternal King ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

2

Honour pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record ;
Through the various realms of earth,
Praise him, all of human birth :

3

Him, whose wisdom thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
And the orbs which gild the pole
Bade through boundless space to roll :

4

Him, who, o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all ;
And to every thing which lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.

5

To the great eternal King
Raise your voice, and joyful sing ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

6. L. M.

1

Who can by searching find out God?
Or who can trace his bright abode?
Yet, Lord, thy glories we adore,
And wish to know and love thee more.

2

Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles,
On which the vast creation rolls;
The starry skies proclaim thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower.

3

In various shapes and colours rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes;
And beasts and birds, with labouring throat,
Teach us a God in every note.

4

Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

7. L. M.

1

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

2

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4

Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

8. C. M.

1

ETERNAL Source of life and light,
 Supremely good and wise!
 To thee we pay our grateful vows,
 To thee lift up our eyes.

2

Our dark and erring minds illumine
 With truth's celestial rays ;
 Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
 And tune our lips to praise.

3

Safely conduct us by thy grace,
 Through life's perplexing road :
 And place us, when that journey's o'er,
 In heaven, thy blest abode.

9. C. M.

1

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm,

2

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his vast designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

3

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 With blessings on your head.

4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

5

His purposes will open fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his ways in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make them plain.

10. P. M.

1

ALMIGHTY Power! amazing are thy ways,
Above our knowledge, and above our praise;
All thy vast works thy excellence display:
How great, how fair, how wonderful are they!

2

Thy hand the wide-extended heavens upraised;
The wide-extended heavens with stars em-
blaz'd;
Where each bright orb, since time was first
begun,
Hath rolled a planet, or hath shone a sun.

3

Stupendous thought! how sink the human
race!
Mere atoms in the boundless fields of space!
Yet ev'n to us, O LORD! thy care extends;
Thy love supports us, and thy power defends.

4

We see thy hand in all that round us lies;
Thy grace in all thy various, rich supplies:
Almighty power! how glorious are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praise!

11. L. M.

1

HEAR us, O Father ! when we pray
 In this thy house, on this thy day ;
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy churches rise.

2

Thy earthly sabbaths, Lord ! we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 Thy servants to that rest aspire,
 With ardent hope and strong desire.

3

There languor shall no more oppress ;
 The heart shall feel no more distress ;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

4

No anxious cares shall there annoy ;
 No conscious guilt disturb the joy ;
 But every doubt and fear shall cease,
 And perfect love give perfect peace.

5

Soon will the glorious day begin
 Which ends the reign of death and sin ;
 Lord ! give us then those joys to know,
 Which from celestial worship flow.

B

12. L. M.

1

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected powers;
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours!

2

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
 Where God resides appear no more;
 Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore.

3

The word of life dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heavenly feast;
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart an humble guest!

4

Thy gracious aid, O God impart;
 O may thy word with life divine
 Engage the ear and warm the heart!
 Then shall the day indeed be thine.

13. C. M.

1

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2

Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb !

3

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

14. L. M.

1

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honours shall he pay?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

2

From marble domes and gilded spires,
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3

Vain, sinful man! Creation's Lord
 Thy richest offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

15. C. M.

1

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born!
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.

2

To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control ;
 Ye shall not violate this day,
 The sabbath of my soul.

3

Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
 Let fires of vengeance die ;
 And, purg'd from sin, may I behold
 A God of purity !

16. L. M.

1

Come, pay the worship God requires,
 Inflam'd with chaste and holy fires ;
 When love celestial warms the breast,
 Our homage, and our vows, are blest.

2

When piety, and truth refin'd,
 Possess the temple of the mind,
 With grateful flames the altars glow,
 And God will visit man below.

17. P. M.

1

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2

Father! Source of all compassion !
Pure unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.

3

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4

Joyfully on earth adore him,
'Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

18. C. M.

1

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2

The northern pole, and southern, rest
On his supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at his command.

3

His words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

4

Justice and judgment are his throne,
Yet wondrous in his grace:
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near his face.

19. L. M.

1

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night :
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 Again behold the morning light.

2

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And soars, my guardian God ! to thee.

3

O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 When dangers press around my head.

4

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5

That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :
 Thy light shall give eternal day ;
 And love, the rapture of the skies.

20. C. M.

1

LORD! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2

Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That He, by whom our frame was rear'd,
Its various frailties knows.

4

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

5

Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

21. L. M.

1

My God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

2

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3

I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

22. C. M.

1

WHILE thee I seek, protecting power !
 Be my vain wishes still'd ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

2

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd :—
 That mercy I adore !

3

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

4

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear :—
 That heart shall rest on thee !

23. C. M.

1

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2

Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3

Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4

While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5

With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

24. . C. M.

1

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice :
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

2

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And songs of honour sing :
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.

3

Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.

4

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand ;
 He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

5

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
 Come kneel before his face :
 O may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace.

C

25. P. M.

1

PRAISE to God; immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days :
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :

2

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use :

3

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

4

All that spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :

5

These, to thee, our God we owe ;
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;

7

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;

8

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy :

9

Yet to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee—for thyself alone.

26. P. M.

1

My soul, praise the Lord,
 Speak good of his name!
 His mercies record,
 His bounties proclaim:
 To God, their Creator,
 Let all creatures raise
 The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise!

2

Though hid from man's sight,
 God sits on his throne,
 Yet here by his works
 Their author is known:
 The world shines a mirror
 Its maker to show,
 And heaven views its image
 Reflected below.

3

Those agents of power,
 Fire, water, earth, sky,
 Attest the dread might
 Of God the most high:

Who rides on the whirlwind,
 While clouds veil his form;
 Who smiles in the sun-beam,
 Or frowns in the storm.

4

By knowledge supreme,
 By wisdom divine,
 God governs this earth
 With gracious design:
 O'er beast, bird, and insect,
 His providence reigns,
 Whose will first created,
 Whose love still sustains.

5

And man, his last work,
 With reason endu'd,
 Who, falling through sin,
 By grace is renew'd;—
 To God, his Creator,
 Let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise!

27. S. M.

1

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing !
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

2

He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3

Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 He form'd us by his word.

28. S. M.

1

My soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2

High as the heavens are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3

The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.

4

He knows we are but dust,
 Scatter'd with ev'ry breath ;
 His anger like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

5

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

6

But thy compassions, Lord !
 To endless years endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

29. L. M.

1

HIGH in the heavens, **Eternal God** !
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2

Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast thy bounty share :
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care.

3

My God ! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord :
And in his light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in his word.

30. P. M.

1

**Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.**

2

**God through the world extends his sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are ;
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.**

3

**His goodness, equal to his power,
Loads with its blessings every hour,
And spreads the wide creation o'er:
On the whole earth his bounties rest,
Through the whole earth his name be blest ;
Since all receive, let all adore.**

31. L. M.

1

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

2

THE unwearied sun from day to day
 Doth his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an almighty hand.

3

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :

4

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found :---

6

In reason's ear they all rejoice;
 And utter forth a glorious voice :
 For ever singing as they shine—
 " The hand that made us is divine."

32. C. M.

1

BEHOLD, he comes ! your leader comes,
 With might and honour crown'd ;
 A witness who shall spread my name
 To earth's remotest bound.

2

The beam that shines from Sion's hill,
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
 Shall all the world command.

3

See, nations hasten to his call
 From ev'ry distant shore ;
 Lands yet unknown shall bow to him,
 And Israel's God adore.

4

Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come,
 To worship at his shrine ;
 Still walking in the light of God,
 With holiness divine.

33. P. M.

1

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain !
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2

Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3

So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

34. C. M.

1

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!

We own thy power divine :

We hear thy breath in every storm,

For all the winds are thine.

2

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,

They work thy sovereign will ;

And awed by thy majestic voice,

Confusion shall be still.

3

Thy mercy tempers every blast

To them that seek thy face ;

And mingles with the tempest's roar

The whispers of thy grace.

4

Those gentle whispers let me hear,

Till all the tumult cèase ;

And gales of paradise shall lull

My weary soul to peace.

35. P. M.

1

PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.

2

But, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind—
Make not these alone your choice,
Heaven has blessings more refin'd.

3

Thankful own what you enjoy ;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.

4

Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky ;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits every anxious sigh.

5

What, like this, has earth to give ?
O ye righteous ! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.

6

When your bosom breathes a sigh,
 Or your eye emits a tear,
 Let your wishes rise on high,
 Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

36. L. M.

1

Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
 And humbly bow before his face :
 Let all within us feel his power,
 Let all within us seek his grace.

2

Lo, God is here ! him day and night
 The united choirs of angels sing :
 To him enthron'd above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3

Being of beings ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

37. L. M.

1

GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
Our opening years thy mercy show ;
That mercy crowns them as they flow.

2

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God :
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3

With grateful hearts the past we own :
The future all to us unknown,
To thee commit in humble prayer,
And banish every anxious care.

4

In scenes exalted or deprest,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues ;
In better worlds our souls shall boast
Our helper, God, in whom we trust.

38. S. M.

1

COMMIT thou all thy ways
 And griefs into his hands,
 To his sure trust and tender care,
 Who heaven and earth commands :

2

Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey :
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

3

No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care :
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

4

Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd :
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 He will lift up thy head.

5

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He'll gently clear thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in boundless day.

D 2

89. P. M.

1

God of my life ! and Author of my days !
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.

2

Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
 Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore ;
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.

3

I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace.

4

O God ! from earthly bondage set me free ;
 Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

5

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my
 way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee :

6

And when the last, the closing hour draws near,
 And death's dread conflict raises nature's fear,
 Teach me to fix my humble hopes on high,
 And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

40. L. M.

1

From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise !
 Let his almighty name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue !

2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

41. C. M.

1

ALL nature dies, and lives again :
 The flower that paints the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield ;

2

Resign the honours of their form
 At winter's stormy blast ;
 And leave the naked, leafless plain
 A desolated waste.

3

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
 Anew shall deck the plain ;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.

4

So to the dreary grave consign'd,
 Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
 Until the eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.

5

O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest ;
 Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
 And mingle with the blest !

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
 I'll wait heaven's high decree ;
 Till the appointed period come
 When death shall set me free.

42. C. M.

1

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord ;
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be ador'd.

2

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The heaven of God is there.

3

His presence there is spread abroad,
 Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are always near his throne.

43. P. M.

1

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

3

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee and all mankind.

44. C. M.

1

O FOR a plenitude of grace,
 Descending from above,
 To animate the human race
 With peace, and joy, and love !

2

Grant, heavenly King ! what we desire,
 And send the happy day
 When all shall after thee enquire,
 And cheerfully obey.

3

Then will the nations serve the Lord
 With purity and zeal ;
 With reverence receive his word,
 With pleasure do his will.

45. C. M.

1

LORD! thou art good : all nature shows
Its mighty Maker kind :
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

2

Whate'er our eyes behold, proclaims
Thy infinite good will ;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill :

3

It spreads through all the spacious main,
And through the heavens more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4

Long has it been diffus'd abroad,
Through years and ages past ;
And its rich stores, all bounteous God,
For ever still shall last.

5

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
 Spreads joy through every part ;
 Lord ! let such love attract our eyes,
 And captivate our heart.

6

High admiration let it raise,
 And kind affection move ;
 Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
 And fill our souls with love.

46. C. M.

1

O SWEETER than the fragrant flower,
 At evening's dewy close,
 The will, united with the power,
 To succour human woes !

2

And softer than the softest strain
 Of music to the ear,
 That placid joy we give and gain
 By gratitude sincere.

47. P. M.

1

BEGIN, my soul ! the exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name ;
Let heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the glorious theme.

2

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
 Ye thunders speak his power :
Lo ! on the forked lightning's wing
In triumph rides the eternal King ;
 The astonish'd worlds adore.

3

Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunder of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

4

Wake, all ye feathered throngs, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise

To him, who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

5

Let man—by nobler passions sway'd—
 The feeling heart, the judging head
 In heavenly praise employ :
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's extended arch rebound
 The general burst of joy.

48. L. M.

1

ETERNAL Source of life and thought !
 Be all beneath thyself forgot :
 Whilst thee, great parent-mind ! we own,
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2

O may we live before thy face,
 The willing subjects of thy grace ;
 And through each path of duty move
 With filial awe, and filial love !

49. C. M.

1

O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home !

2

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same !

3

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 ' Return ye sons of men ;'
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

4

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their hopes and fears,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

5

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
 Pleas'd with the morning light :
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6

O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come !
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

50. C. M.

1

How rich thy favours, God of grace !
 How various, how divine !
 Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
 And bright as heaven they shine.

2

God to eternal glory calls,
 And points the wondrous way
 To those bright realms of peace and joy,
 Where reigns unclouded day.

3

The songs of everlasting years
 That mercy shall attend,
 Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
 To joys that never end.

51. C. M.

1

**HAIL, great Creator! wise and good,
To thee our songs we raise ;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.**

2

**Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.**

3

**The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.**

4

**Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.**

5

**And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God! to thee.**

52. . C. M.

1

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4

O make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5

Fear him ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight ;
Your wants shall be his care.

53. C. M.

1

**A GLORY gilds the sacred page
Majestic as the sun !
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.**

2

**The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.**

3

**Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.**

4

**My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.**

54. . S. M.

1

BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2

No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3

Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

4

Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

55. P. M.

1

**Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light, begin the song.**

2

**Thou sun with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.**

3

**The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.**

4

All have obey'd his will,
 'Through unknown ages past ;
 And shall his word fulfil,
 While time and nature last.
 In different ways, his works proclaim
 His wondrous name, and speak his praise.

56. P. M.

1

'Tis religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comforts when we die.

2

After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity :
 Let me, then, make God my friend,
 And on all his ways attend.

57. L. M.

1

God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise:
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would rend my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4

But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !

58. . . L. M.

1

ALMIGHTY Author of my frame !
 To thee my vital powers belong :
 Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme !
 Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

2

My heart, my life, my tongue are thine ;
 O be thy praise their best employ !
 And may my song with angels join,
 Nor sacred awe forbid the joy !

3

The Almighty Sovereign of the skies
 To mortals bends a gracious ear ;
 Nor the mean tribute will despise,
 If offer'd with a heart sincere.

4

Great God ! accept the humble praise,
 And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
 While to thy name I trembling raise
 The grateful, though unworthy, song.

E

59. S. M.

11

My Maker and my King !
 To thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 Whence all my blessings flow.

12

Thou ever good and kind !
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.

13

Thy goodness, like the sun,
 Dawn'd on my early days,
 Ere infant reason had begun
 To form my lips to praise.

14

The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live ;
 My God ! thy benefits demand
 More praise than tongue can give.

5

O let thy love inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine !

60. L. M.

1

SUPREME and universal Light !
 Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
 Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
 On all above and all below ;—

2

Without whose kind, directing ray,
 In everlasting night we stray,
 From passion still to passion tost,
 And in a maze of error lost ;—

3

Assist me, Lord ! to act, to be
 What thy all holy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from thy breathing spirit came.

4

May my expanded soul disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
 And with a christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to my race.

5

O Father ! faith and virtue grant :
 No more I wish, no more I want :
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

61. . C. M.

1

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!

My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows in my enraptured heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3

Unnumber'd comforts, gracious God!
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

4

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in scenes of bliss,
The glorious theme renew.

6

Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 But O eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise !

62. C. M.

1

WITH God my friend, the radiant sun
 Sheds a more lively ray ;
 Each object smiles ; all nature charms ;
 I chase my cares away.

2

I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
 Immeasurably kind ;
 To his unerring, gracious will,
 Be every wish resign'd.

3

Good, when he gives, supremely good ;
 Nor less when he denies ;
 Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

63. P. M.

1

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray ;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The dreary wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ;
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread ;
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

64. C. M.

1 :

Soon will our fleeting hours be past ;
 And, as the setting sun
 Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
 Our parting beams be gone.

2

May he from whom all blessings flow,
 Our sacred rites attend ;
 Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
 Till life's short journey end :

3

And as the rapid sands run down,
 Our virtue still improve ;
 Till each receive the glorious crown
 Of never fading love.

65. P. M.

1

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come and make my paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim ! hither come.

2

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.

3

Ye who tost on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise ;

4

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care :
 Who the stings of guilt can bear ?

5

Sinner ! come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace, that ever shall endure,
 st eternal, sacred, sure.

65. C. M.

1

FAR from thy servants, gracious God!
 The unfeeling heart remove,
 And form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.

2

O may our sympathizing breasts
 The generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.

3

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

4

O be the law of love fulfill'd
 In every act and thought;
 Each angry passion far remov'd,
 Each selfish view forgot.

5

Be thou, my heart! dilated wide
 With this kind, social grace;
 And in one grasp of fervent love,
 All earth and heaven embrace.

67. L. M.

1

THE upraised eye, and bended knee,
 Are but vain homage, Lord! to thee;
 In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
 The heart a stranger to the song.

2

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
 The breaches of thy precepts heal?
 Or fasts and penance reconcile
 Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
 Sincere, and to thy will resign'd,
 To thee a nobler offering yields,
 Than fragrant groves, or fertile fields.

4

'Love God and Man'—this great command
 Doth on eternal pillars stand:
 This did the ancient prophets teach,
 This did the great Messiah preach.

168. C. M.

11

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown!

12

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3

'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize:
To thine aspiring eyes

4

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

.H9. L&M.

11

Sweet is the work, my God! my King!
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

12

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 When earthly cares forsake the breast—
 When our best powers to God we raise,
 And the whole heart's attend'd to praise.

13

O may we walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

14

Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
 All we desir'd or wish'd below;
 And every power find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

20. L. M.

1

GREAT God! whose all pervading eye
 Sees every passion of the soul!
 When sunk too low, or raised too high,
 Teach me those passions to control.

2

Temper the fervours of my frame;
 Be charity their constant spring;
 And O, let no unhallowed flame
 Pollute the offerings which I bring!

3

Let peace with piety unite
 To mend the bias of my will;
 While hope and heavenly faith excite,
 And wisdom regulates, my zeal:—

4

That wisdom which to meekness turns,—
 Wisdom descending from above:
 And let my zeal where'er it burns,
 Be kindled by the fire of love.

71. P. M.

1

O PRAISE ye the Lord !
 Prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints
 In full concert join :
 With voices united
 The anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises
 With music divine.

2

Let praise to the Lord
 Who made us, ascend ;
 Let each grateful heart
 Rejoice in its King ;
 The God whom we worship
 Our songs will attend,
 And view with complacence
 The offering we bring.

3

Be joyful, ye saints,
 Sustained by his might,
 And let your glad song
 Awake with each morn :

For those who obey him
 Are still his delight,
 His hand with salvation
 The meek will adorn,

4

Then praise ye the Lord !
 Prepare a glad song,
 And let all his saints
 In full concert join :
 With voices united
 The anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises
 With music divine.

72. P. M.

1

THIS God is the God we adore,
 The faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end :

2

'Tis he is the first and the last,
 Whose hand shall conduct us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

73. L. M.

1

Thus saith the first and great command,
 ' Let all thy inward powers unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God,
 With utmost vigour and delight.

2

Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
 Thy heart's sincere affection prove ;
 And let thy wishes for thyself
 Measure to him the debt of love.

3

But whilst these sacred truths we own,
 How cold remain our bosoms still !
 Wake our best passions, God of love !
 And mould our spirits to thy will.

74. L. M.

1

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear ;
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports the steady pole :
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

3

The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

5

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid
 With morning light and evening shade !

6

O may our more harmonious tongues
 Hereafter join in nobler songs ;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more !

75. L. M.

1

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day—
 O why should mortal man be proud?

2

His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.

3

By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
 With trembling steps he seeks his way:
 How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4

Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span:
 How ill, alas, does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man!

5

God of my life, Father divine!
 Give me a meek and lowly mind:
 In modest worth, O let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

76. L. M.

1

ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
 To judge, from principles within,
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2

Who among men, great Lord of all !
 Thy servant to his bar shall call ;
 Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
 And doom him to the realms of woe ?

3

Who with another's eye can read ;
 Or worship by another's creed ?
 Trusting thy grace, we form our own ;
 And bow to thy commands alone.

4

If wrong, correct ; accept, if right,
 While faithful we improve our light,
 Condemning none, but zealous still
 To learn and follow all thy will.

5

When shall our happy eyes behold
 All christians fashion'd in thy mould ;
 And charity our lineage prove
 Deriv'd from thee, O God of love !

77. L. M.

1

'THERE is a God,' all nature speaks
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around ;
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

4

The flowery tribes all blooming rise,
Above the faint attempts of art ;
Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

5

What man that views creation round
Can fail to own Almighty Power,—
Confess the God, with awe profound,
And bow before him, and adore ?

78. . C. M.

1

HARK ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song.

2

On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom, and power, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

4

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5

Our songs of joy and gratitude
His welcome shall proclaim ;
Hail to the Prince of Peace who comes
In God, our Father's name !

79. L. M.

1

My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And mid the wreck of human joy
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

80. C. M.

1

THOUGH others, confident and vain,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
We would a lively sense maintain
That death is ever near.

2

Just like the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land ;
Soon fades the grass away.

3

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And droops if one be gone :
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long !

4

'Tis God alone upholds our frame,
Who rear'd it from the dust :
Hosanna to his mighty name,
In whom is all our trust !

St. C. M.

1

We sing the almighty power of God,
 Who bade the mountains rise,
 Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

2

We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

3

We sing the goodness of the Lord,
 Who fills the earth with food ;
 Who form'd his creatures by his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

4

Lord ! how thy wonders are display'd
 Where'er we turn our eyes ;
 Whether we view the ground we tread
 Or gaze upon the skies !

5

There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow
 By order from thy throne.

6

Creation, vast as it may be,

Is subject to thy will :

There's not a place where we can flee,

But thou art with us still.

7

Thy hand is our perpetual guard,

We live beneath thine eye :

O may we ne'er forget the Lord

Who is for ever nigh.

82. C. M.

1

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,

Each with a different tongue :

In every language learn his word,

And let his name be sung.

2

His mercy reigns through every land ;

Proclaim his grace abroad ;

For ever firm his truth shall stand ;

Praise ye the faithful God.

83. C. M.

1

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
Which thunders through the sky.

2

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

3

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's dismal glare,
It views the same all-gracious power,
That breathes the vernal air.

4

Through nature's ever varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of heaven
Is universal good.

5

When through creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul,

6

Unmov'd may we the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day !

84. L. M.

1

FATHER ador'd in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still :
 Thy kingdom come with power and love ;
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2

Lord ! make our daily wants thy care :
 Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
 O let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow men of ours partake !

3

Evils beset us every hour ;
 Thy kind protection we implore :
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
 Be thine the glory evermore.

85. C. M.

1

WHEN Cyrus, by divine command,
Sent forth his great decree—
'Go seek again your native land,
Be duteous and be free:—

2

Go, Judah, thus I break thy chain,
So wills your mighty God ;
His holy temple build again,
The place of his abode :—

3

Instant the youths their powers employ,
The sacred dome to rear ;
While reverend sires proclaim their joy,
Nor check the rising tear.

4

Christians ! such holy joy be yours ;
Here dwells the great I AM :
His arm of mercy still secures ;
His truth is still the same.

5

To him, the Eternal One, Supreme,
This church on earth we raise ;
Let following ages catch the theme
Of gratitude and praise.

86. S. M.

1

My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine ;
 And let my earnest cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.

2

For life without thy love
 No relish can afford ;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

3

To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live ;
 Not all that earth and sense can yield,
 So pure a pleasure give.

4

Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies ;
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

5

The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps ;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

H 2

87. L. M.

1

LoRD, thou hast search'd and seen me through ;
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2

Within thy circling power I stand ;
 On every side I find thy hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

3

My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known :
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

4

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
 What large extent, what lofty height !
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest :
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin—for God is there !

88. L. M.

1

WHEN Jesus, our great Master, came,
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

2

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

3

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honour of Almighty God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

4

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

5

What though we drink of sorrow's cup,
Religion bears our spirits up ;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

89. C. M.

1

SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2

No healing balm on earth, like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3

Thou still art merciful and kind ;
Thy mercy, Lord ! reveal :
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4

Let thy bright presence, Lord ! restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me to the path which leads
To everlasting rest.

90. C. M.

1

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade,
 How swift they pass away !
 The dying flower reclines its head,
 The beauty of a day.

2

Soon are these earthly treasures lost
 We fondly call our own ;
 Scarce the possession can we boast,
 When straight we find them gone.

3

But there are joys which cannot die,
 With God laid up in store—
 Treasures beyond the changing sky,
 Brighter than golden ore.

4

The seeds which piety and love
 Have scatter'd here below,
 In the fair fertile fields above,
 To ample harvests grow.

91. C. M.

1

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.

2

In deepest characters impress
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue the truth transgress,
 Nor act the slanderer's part.

3

O turn from vanity my eyes !
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire, arise
 Within this heart of mine.

4

Assist my heart, too apt to stray,
 A stricter watch to keep ;
 And since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.

5

Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road !
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

98. L. M.

1

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone:
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2

Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year ;
 And still, with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.

3

Another fleeting day is gone
 To join the fugitives before ;
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, in time to wake no more.

4

Another fleeting day is gone,
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,
 A day, whose never setting sun
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

5

Another fleeting day is gone ;
 In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
 Bow down before his awful throne,
 Who bids the morn' and evening roll.

93. C. M.

1

In all thy dealings, gracious God!
 I own thy sovereign power;
 And humbly kiss thy chastening rod,
 In sorrow's darkest hour.

2

For sore affliction's sharpest sting,
 In mercy oft is given,
 Our thoughtless, erring steps to bring
 The safest road to heaven.

3

Alike thy providence supplies
 Each blessing which we share;
 Though clouds obscure our morning skies,
 The evening may be fair.

4

Since then, our lot of good or ill
 Is sent with wise design,
 I'll bow submissive to thy will,
 And grateful make it mine.

5

To thee, my God! resign'd I pray,
 Whate'er the path may be,
 O guide my feet that peaceful way
 Which leads to heaven and thee.

94. P. M.

1

God of mercy ! God of love !
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;
 Listen to thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all grace belongs.

2

Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time mispent ;
 Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent :

3

Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain :

4

These, and every secret fault,
 Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
 Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5

God of mercy ! God of love !
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all grace belongs.

I

95. L. M.

1

'ALL yet is well,' the mother said,
Who left her only offspring dead,
While she the holy prophet sought,
And deeply felt the news she brought.

2

Faith in the prophet's God most high,
Upheld her hope, reliev'd her sigh;
And while the tear maternal fell,
She calmly answer'd 'yes, 'tis well.'

3

Thus faith in God could soften grief,
And bring the afflicted mind relief,
Ere yet eternal life reveal'd,
Was by our rising Saviour seal'd.

4

Then let his word support the soul
And every pain and grief control;
And faith each rising passion tell,
That God—our God, doth all things well.

96. L. M.

1

THE God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When friends belov'd and kindred die.

2

Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
The Almighty, ever-living friend.

3

Parent, protector, guardian, guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4

To thee, our Father ! would we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth,
With humble, steadfast hope, depend.

97. C. M.

1

MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Recounts our comforts gone?

2

Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dangerous road
Till all our trials end.

3

O may we still pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

98. L. M.

1

WHEN in obedience to their Lord,
His followers meet around his board,
His love may well employ the song,
And dwell with praises on the tongue.

2

He lov'd mankind,—their welfare sought,
 In all he did, in all he taught ;
 Their present peace, their future joy,
 His whole concern, his life's employ.

3

When deep distress prolongs the sigh,
 Behold the tender Jesus nigh ;
 He heals the sick, restores the blind,
 Soothes and consoles the drooping mind.

4

What love, what kindness, from his tongue,
 Invite the willing soul to come,
 To hear his gospel, learn the way
 Which leads through death to endless day.

5

And shall we fail to love his name
 Who thus to teach and save us came,
 To show his Father's love to man,—
 And died to seal the gracious plan ?

6

While life shall last, O let us prove
 Our grateful reverence and our love !
 In deed and thought, through every day,
 His Father's holy will obey.

99. C. M.

1

WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2

Not all the malice of his foes
His pity could subdue ;
' Father forgive,' he meekly pray'd,
' They know not what they do.'

3

O what a love was here display'd
Beyond our utmost thought ;
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught.

4

Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost or misapplied ;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget,
That 'twas for us he died.

100. C. M.

1

**Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law !**

2

**The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.**

3

**Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.**

4

**Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honoured name ;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.**

101. P. M.

1

**LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above :
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
Walk in holiness and love.**

2

**Thanks we give, and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.**

3

**All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.**

102. C. M.

1

ON thee, O God, our souls depend,
 Whose grace is ever near ;
 Thou wilt our Father and our Friend
 In every scene appear.

2

With open hand. and liberal heart,
 Thou wilt our wants supply ;
 The best of blessings still impart,
 And nothing good deny.

3

Thou knowest always what is fit,
 And wisdom guides thy love ;
 To thine appointment we submit,
 And all thy will approve.

4

In thy paternal love and care,
 With cheerful hearts we trust ;
 Thy mercies never failing are,
 And all thy ways are just.

5

What can we ask. or wish for more ?
 What God ordains is best ;
 And heaven, whate'er we want before,
 Will make us amply blest.

K

108. L. M.

1

THE saffron tints of morn appear,
And glow across the blushing east ;
The brilliant orb of day is near,
To dissipate the lingering mist :
And while his mantling splendors dart
Their radiance o'er the kindling skies,
To chase the darkness of my heart,
Arise, O God of Light, arise !

2

Creation smiles through all her tears,
(Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew,)
His head the lofty mountain rears,
To meet the earliest sunbeams true :
So shall I smile amid my woe,
When sorrows drown my weeping eyes ;
So shall my bosom learn to glow,
If thou, my glorious Sun, arise.

3

Dark as the world's unfashioned face,
In ancient night's primeval reign,
Till thou the mournful shadows chase,
Must this poor, sinful breast, remain.

But he who leads the morning stars,
And kindles up the eastern skies,
Himself, to dissipate my cares,
The Day-star of my heart, shall rise.

104. L. M.

1

GREAT God ! attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
One day thus spent with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2

God is our Sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

3

Eternal God, whose boundless sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And from whose presence sinners flee ;
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

105. C. M.

1

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2

The strong foundations of the earth,
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the shining worlds on high
With matchless skill were made.

3

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4

But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.

5

Thy servants' children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest time thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

106. C. M.

1

SHINE, mighty God ! on Freedom's land,
 With beams of heavenly grace ;
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
 And show thy smiling face.

2

Soon may thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad ;
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God !

3

The common Parent, Lord of all,
 Who sits enthroned above,
 With perfect wisdom rules the world,
 And with impartial love.

4

The day will come, the happy day,
 (Such his eternal will,)
 When light, and truth, and grace divine,
 The spacious earth shall fill.

5

God will diffuse the blessings round,
 So richly scattered here ;
 Till the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

107. P. M.

1

How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
 From thee our public blessings spring :
 The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
 The treasures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
 Which pours from every foreign shore ;
 Science and arts their charms display ;
 Religion teaches us to raise
 Our voices to our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.

3

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
 To God we raise united songs :
 Here still may God in mercy reign,
 Crown our just councils with success,
 With peace and joy our borders bless,
 And all our sacred rights maintain.

108. C. M.

1

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4

O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

109. P. M.

1

LAUDED be thy name forever,
Thou, of life, the guard and giver !
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blessed are they, thou kindly keepest !
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever !

2

God of evening's yellow ray !
God of yonder dawning day
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of Eternity !
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night !
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name forever !

110. P. M.

1

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail :
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

2

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Our humble hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3

There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony ;
That through heaven's all-spacious round,
Thy praise, O God, may ever sound.

4

Lord, thy mercies never fail :
Hail ! celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored.

111. C. M.

1

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay, and dwelling place ;

2

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand ;
Before this ponderous globe itself,
Arose at thy command ;

3

That power which raised, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

4

Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight,
Than yesterday, that's past.

5

But man is like the morning flower
In beauty's pride arrayed ;
And long ere night, cut down, it lies,
All withered and decayed.

112. C. M.

1

Thy influence, mighty God ! is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air, and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2

Thy sacred influence, Lord ! we need,
To form our hearts anew ;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show !

3

Father of light ! thy aid impart
To guide our doubtful way ;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4

Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burthen light,
And every murmur still.

5

Cheered by their smiles, we'll fearless tread,
The gloomy path of death ;
And with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

113. L. M.

1

To those bright realms I lift mine eyes,
Those realms of bliss beyond the skies,
Whence all her help my soul derives—
There my almighty refuge lives.

2

He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood :
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4

His servants, thus divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest ;
Their holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5

With fiercest rage should malice burn,
Still shall they go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends their lives from every snare.

114. C. M.

1

THOSE happy realms of joy and peace,
 Fain would my heart explore,
 Where grief and pain forever cease,
 And I shall sin no more.

2

No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
 No languor seize the frame ;
 But ever-active vigour rise
 To feed the vital flame.

3

But ah ! a dreary vale between,
 Extends its awful gloom ;
 Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
 The horrors of the tomb.

4

O for the eye of faith divine,
 To pierce beyond the grave !
 To see that Friend, and call him mine,
 Whose arm is strong to save !

5

Here fix, my soul ! for life is here ;
 Light breaks amid the gloom ;
 Trust in thy Father's love, nor fear
 The horrors of the tomb.

L

115. C. M.

1

Our souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestow'd, how much reserved,
For them that seek thy face !

2

Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3

But oh what treasures yet unknown
Are lodged in worlds to come !
If these the enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home.

4

Since time's too short, all-gracious God,
To utter all thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name,
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

116. C. M.

1

AUTHOR of good ! we rest on thee ;
Thy ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2

Oh let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide !
That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear, all fears beside.

3

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill—

4

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good, unasked, O Father ! grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

117. S. M.

1

MY Father ! cheering name !
O may I call thee mine ?
Give me, with humble hope, to claim
A portion so divine.

2

This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye !

3

Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise,
O bend my will to thine.

4

Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5

If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?

6

Thy ways are little known
 To my weak erring sight ;
 Yet shall my soul, believing, own
 That all thy ways are right.

118. P. M.

1

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's name we sing ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored.

2

Men on earth, and saints above,
 Sing the great Creator's love—
 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail! celestial goodness, hail!

3

While on earth ordained to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
 Till we come to reign with thee,
 And thy glorious greatness see.

4

Then, with angels, we'll again
 Wake a louder, louder strain ;
 Then, in blisful realms above,
 Sing the great Creator's love.

119. C. M.

1

FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2

There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3

I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar,
While grateful praise and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour.

4

So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
The day shall close in peace ;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

120. L. M.

1

TEACH me, oh teach me, Lord! thy way,
That, to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heavenly paths may tread.

2

Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee a pure obedience yield.

3

Give me to know thy will aright,
Thy will my glory and delight,
That, rais'd above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.

4

Oh turn from vanity my eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply,
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

124. C. M.

1

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
 We praise thy sacred name:
 Through every year's revolving round
 Thy goodness is the same.

2

On us, unworthy as we are,
 Its blessings still it pours,
 Sure as the heaven's established course,
 And plenteous as the showers.

3

But we inconstant service pay,
 And feeble vows renew;
 Transient too oft as morning clouds,
 And like the early dew.

4

Aided by energy divine,
 Let us more stedfast prove;
 And, with a quickened progress, press
 On to thy courts above.

5

So, by thy power; the morning sun
 Pursues his radiant way,
 Brightens each moment in his race,
 And shines to perfect day.

122. C. M.

1

COME, let us to the Lord our God
 With contrite hearts return ;
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave
 The desolate to mourn.

2

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
 The dawn shall bring us light ;
 God shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.

3

Our hearts, if him we seek to know,
 Shall know him, and rejoice ;
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs his voice.

4

As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round,
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground ;

5

So shall his presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light :
 That hallowed morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

128. C. M.

1

O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence should I feel a quickening power,
And daily comfort find.

2

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
But make it all my joy.

3

Fain would I run in thy commands ;
Do thou my heart discharge
From each bad passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large.

4

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear,
Nor yield to fear or shame.

5

Let those depart who wish to draw
My hands or heart to ill ;
I'll keep my Maker's holy law,
And bow to all his will.

124. C. M.

1

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep;
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained my steps,
And still hath been my guide.

3

Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore my peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly ask for more.

5

Here will I rest—here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

125. C. M.

1

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord ;
Whate'er his powerful hand has formed,
He governs with a word.

2

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present at his thought.

3

If light attend the course I go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand which hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

4

Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What, in the book of his decrees,
Awaits me here below.

5

Be this alone my fervent prayer ;
Whate'er my lot shall be,
Or joys or sorrows—may they form
My soul for Heaven and thee.

426. L. M.

1

ART thou unhappy? in thy grief
 Recall the sorrows Jesus bore :
And are thy joys but few and brief?
 Remember him, and weep no more.

2

The blooms of friendship death will blight ;
 But when the gathering clouds combine,
Let faith their summits gild with light,
 And check the tear that dares repine.

3

When flatteries sooth, and hopes allure,
 And pleasures woo with siren tone,
Like him unmoved the test endure,
 And bow thy heart to God alone.

4

When foes assail, or friends betray,
 Of hatred, of revenge, beware—
With kindness all their wrongs repay,
 “ Father forgive them,” be thy prayer.

5

Remember Jesus ; how he bore
 Affliction’s weight, temptation’s power ;
Remember Jesus’ life ; and more—
 Remember Jesus’ dying hour.

M

127. C. M.

1

O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat !
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul ;

2

Did ever, Lord ! thy gracious ear
The contrite prayer disdain ?
Or when did misery humbly sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?

3

Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4

New life from thy refreshing grace
The sinking heart receives :
O may we ne'er again offend
The God who thus forgives.

5

Thy grace hath caused celestial hope
To shine serenely bright,
And shed her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's darkest night.

6

Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord !
 And bless the friendly ray,
 Which ushers in the smiling morn
 Of everlasting day.

128. L. M.

1

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's evening ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2

His heart no broken friendships sting,
 No jars his peaceful tent invade ;
 He rests beneath the Almighty wing,
 Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3

Spirit of Grace ! all meek and mild,
 Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
 Repel each passion, rude and wild,
 And bless us, as we aim to bless.

129. L. M.

1

WHERE Babel's rivers winding stray,
 A silent, cool retreat we chose ;
 There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,
 And pondered o'er our mighty woes.

2

No more could music sooth our cares ;
 Our harps, neglected and unstrung,
 Vanished their once delightful airs,
 All silent on the willows hung.

3

Far from our dear loved native soil,
 Shall we resume the pleasing lay ?
 Can rugged bondage wear a smile,
 Or ever-wasting grief be gay ?

4

If I forget thy ruined state,
 Jerusalem, my heart's desire !
 Then let my useless hand forget
 Her skill to strike the sounding lyre.

5

If I indulge a mirthful song,
 Or thy dear name my memory leave,
 All silent let my faithless tongue
 Fast to my mouth forever cleave.

6

Jerusalem, lamented name !

Shall still my mournful voice employ ;
And I the sadly pleasing theme
Prefer to every thought of joy.

130. L. M.

1

" I AM the light," the Saviour said,
As he the rising sun surveyed,
When, from the east, its golden ray
On Salem rose and poured the day.

2

Unceasing praises, God of heaven,
For this great light, to thee be given :
From thee the blest instructor came,
And western lands have heard his name.

3

The truth, in all its fulness known,
We bow to him who reigns alone ;
By angels and by men adored,
Jehovah, self-existent Lord.

131. P. M.

1

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Finished their probation's day,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

2

As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord ! our spirits raise ;
All below is like a dream.

3

Thanks for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill our hearts with filial love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

132. L. M.

1

THINE eyes in me the sheep behold,
 Whose feet have wandered from the fold ;
 That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain
 To find its safe retreat again ;

2

Now listens, if, perchance, its ear
 The Shepherd's well known voice may hear ;
 Now, as the tempests round it blow,
 In plaintive accents vents its woe.

3

Great Ruler of this earthly ball !
 Do thou my erring steps recall ;
 O seek thou him who thee has sought,
 Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

133. C. M.

1

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
 How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
 That even in blooming dies.

2

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more ;
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

3

The once loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.

4

But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo ! stern winter flies,
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.

5

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears ;
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys which cannot die.

134. C. M.

1

Our days are like the flowers that fade,
 And life's descending light
 Grows fainter, till the lengthening shade
 Sinks in the gloom of night.

2

But thou forever art the same,
 O our eternal God !
 Ages to come shall know thy name,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

135. L. M.

1

BEHOLD the path that mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2

Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own ;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way—my house the same.

3

From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass.

4

Awake, my soul ! thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, through the grave, conducts to God.

136. C. M.

1

WITH eye impartial, Heaven's high King
Surveys each human tribe ;
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
No wealth his favour bribe.

2

The rich and poor, for happiness,
His hand alike did frame :
All souls are his, and him may all
Their common parent claim.

3

Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own ;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4

Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish every fear ;
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

121. C. M.

1

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We praise thy sacred name:
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

2

On us, unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours,
Sure as the heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3

But we inconstant service pay,
And feeble vows renew;
Transient too oft as morning clouds,
And like the early dew.

4

Aided by energy divine,
Let us more stedfast prove;
And, with a quickened progress, press
On to thy courts above.

5

So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

122. C. M.

1

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

3

Our hearts, if him we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

4

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;

5

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light :
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

128. C. M.

1

O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence should I feel a quickening power,
And daily comfort find.

2

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
But make it all my joy.

3

Fain would I run in thy commands ;
Do thou my heart discharge
From each bad passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large.

4

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear,
Nor yield to fear or shame.

5

Let those depart who wish to draw
My hands or heart to ill ;
I'll keep my Maker's holy law,
And bow to all his will.

124. C. M.

1

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep;
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained my steps,
And still hath been my guide.

3

Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore my peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly ask for more.

5

Here will I rest—here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

141. S. M.

1

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.

2

The present moment flies,
 And bears our lives away ;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day !

3

Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken, by thy almighty power,
 The aged and the young.

4

One thing demands our care ;
 Oh be it still pursued !
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

142, C. M.

1

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
 The trembling heart invade,
 And all the face of nature wears
 A universal shade,

2

Religion's dictates can assuage
 The tempest of the soul ;
 And every storm shall cease to rage,
 At her Divine control.

3

Through life's bewildered, darksome way,
 Her hand unerring leads ;
 And o'er the path her heavenly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.

4

When feeble reason, tired and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid,
 This blest supporter of the mind
 Affords a powerful aid.

5

Oh may our hearts confess her power,
 And find a sweet relief,
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief.

448. L. M.

1

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to ensure the great reward ;
 And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The greatest sinner may return.

2

Life is the time which God hath given
 To fit us for the joys of heaven—
 The day of grace, when mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3

Then the great work we have to do,
 Let us with all our might pursue ;
 And wisely every hour employ,
 Till faith and hope shall end in joy.

144. P. M.

1

Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
 The welcome promise of the spring,
 And soft the verhal gale ;
 Sweet the wild warbling notes that rise
 In grateful chorus to the skies,
 And gladden every vale.

But softer in the mourner's ear
 Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
 That whispers sins forgiven;
 And sweeter far the music swells,
 When, to the raptured soul she tells,
 Of peace and promised heaven.

3

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground,
 And groves and gardens, blooming round,
 Unnumbered charms unfold;
 Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
 And bright the beams of setting day,
 Which robe the clouds in gold:

4

But, far more fair the pious breast,
 In richer robes of goodness drest,
 Where heaven's own graces shine;
 And brighter far the prospects rise,
 Which burst on faith's delighted eyes
 From glories all divine.

145. C. M.

1

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me in cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3

He does my wandering feet reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me :

5

Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his service spend.

146. C. M.

1

Lord, I would make thy word my joy,
My lasting heritage;
May this my noblest powers employ,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3

Thy precepts oft would I survey;
And keep thy laws in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To guide my actions right.

4

Thy truth's a land of wealth unknown,
Where spings of life arise;
There seeds of endless bliss are sown,
There boundless glory lies.

5

The best relief which mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Shews us a home beyond the grave,
And an eternal rest.

147. P. M.

MORNING.

1

TREMBLING in the breaking day
Every leaf and dew drop glows ;
And the flowers that slumbering lay
Waken from their dim repose ;
Morning wakes, with touch of fire,
This bright world's enchanting lyre.

2

All is incense, all is praise,
Earth is peace and heaven is love,
While creation's hundred lays
Float in one rich hymn above ;
Nature's high cathedral rings,
While her choir the anthem sings ;

3

"Light and Life, and Lord of all,
Thine is each resplendant world,
From this green and sun-lit ball,
To the stars through ether hurl'd.
Hear and bless us when we call,
Light and Life, and Lord of all !"

4

Such the hymn by nature rais'd—

Oh, can man be mute the while ?

Can the Maker be unpraised

When such works around him smile ?

Child of heaven ! go forth and bow,

With its light upon thy brow.

6

Pray that thus the morn of bliss,

Break at length on thine and thee ;

Pray that through a life like this,

God vouchsafe thy light to be :

Seek his grace, and own his power,

In that pure and golden hour,

148. L. M.

1

THE wonders, Lord ! thy love has wrought,

Exceed our praise, surpass our thought :

Should we attempt the long detail,

Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

2

Let all the sons of men record

The wondrous goodness of the Lord :

How great his works ! how kind his ways !

Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

149. C. M.

1

THOU, Lord ! in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere :
Thou wilt with gracious eye behold
The penitential tear.

2

Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,
The power of vice control,
Restore bright reason's ray divine
To purify the soul.

3

O God ! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray ;
And guide my steps direct and safe,
In virtue's peaceful way.

4

May I no more, with wilful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend;
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
Since thou wilt be my friend.

150 S. M.

1

**ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through all creation's frame !**

2

**Nature in every dress,
Her humble homage pays ;
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undissembled praise.**

3

**My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.**

4

**In joy, O let me spend
The remnant of my days !
And oft to God my soul ascend,
In grateful songs of praise.**

151. P. M.

1

JEHOVAH reigns ! Let every nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;
 He rules with wide and absolute command,
 O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land.
 He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
 Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

2

This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
 Though built by God's right hand, must
 pass away ;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires, and the pride of kings.
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

3

But fixed, O God ! forever stands thy throne:
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone :
 The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected, or diffused, is still the same.
 He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded pre-
 sence.

4

But O! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise :
 Cease, cease, your songs; the daring flight
 control,

Revere him in the stillness of the soul.
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

152. C. M.

MERE human powers shall fast decay;
 And youthful vigor cease ;
 But those who wait upon the Lord
 In strength shall still increase.

2

They, with unwearied feet shall tread
 The path of life divine :
 With growing ardour onwards move,
 With growing brightness shine.

3

On eagle's wings they mount, they soar,
 The wings of faith and love ;
 Till past the cloudy regions here,
 They rise to heaven above.

158. L. M.

1

As the good Shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flowery landscape flow :

2

So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control,
When, lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.

3

Though I should journey through the plains
Where death in all his horror reigns,
My stedfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, my God ! art with me there.

4

Thine ever watchful providence
Is my support and my defence :
With thee I am of all possessed,
And in thy favor fully blessed.

5

O bounteous God ! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise :
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

154. C. M.

1

In the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait,
 Its summons to the tomb,

2

Remember thy Creator, God:
 For him thy powers employ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.

3

He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea;
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of blessed eternity.

4

Then seek the Lord, betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth:
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth

O 2

155 C. M.

1.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame ;
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

2

When Heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;

3.

Lord, what is man, that he is blessed
With thy peculiar care?
Why on his offspring is conferred,
Of love, so large a share?

4.

Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
Ordain'd, with dignity and might,
O'er all thy works to reign.

5.

All, his imperial will obey;
The beast that treads the plain,
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that skims the main.

6.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame ;
 Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

156 L. M.

1.

THERE is forgiveness, Lord, with thee,
 The humble penitent to cheer;
 That all who thy rich mercy see,
 May hope and love, as well as fear.

2.

More welcome than the morning's face
 To those who long for breaking day,
 Great God ! is that abundant grace,
 Which thy kind promises display.

3.

Our trust is fixed upon thy word,
 Nor shall we trust thy word in vain :
 Let contrite souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.

157. L. M.

1

YE sons of men in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise :
But who an equal song can frame ?
What verse can reach the lofty theme ?

2

To God, all nature owes its birth ;
He formed this ponderous globe of earth ;
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.

3

Tis he who bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies ;
His voice, the elements obey ;
Wide o'er the earth extends his sway.

4

In every work and way divine,
Omnipotence and wisdom shine ;
And goodness fixes still the end,
To which they all unvarying tend.

5

His power we trace on every side ;
O may his wisdom be our guide ;
And while we live, and when we die,
May his almighty love be nigh.

158. C. M.

1

To thee my God ! my days are known ;
 My soul enjoys the thought ;
 My actions all before thee lie,
 Nor are my faults forgot.

2

Each secret wish devotion breathes,
 Is vocal to thine ear;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before thine eye appear.

3

The vacant hour, the active scene,
 Thy mercy shall approve;
 And every pang of sympathy,
 And every care of love.

4

Each golden hour of beaming light
 Is gilded by thy rays;
 And dark affliction's midnight gloom
 A present God surveys.

5

Full in thy view through life I pass,
 And in thy view I die ;
 Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break,
 May I still find thee nigh.

159. P. M.

1

SOVEREIGN Lord of light and glory !
Author of our mortal frame ;
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thy holy name ;
Hallelujah !
Ever sacred be the theme !

2

Kind Dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race !
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace :
Hallelujah !
Praise to God, immortal praise !

3

Thus, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne ;
And with grateful exultation,
Thy abundant mercy own :
Hallelujah !
Praise belongs to thee alone !

160. P. M.

1

To thee, my God, without delay,
 My morning homage I will pay ;
 For thee I long, to thee I look :
 So travellers in desert lands
 Midst sultry gleams and scorching sands ;
 Pant for the cooling water brook.

2

Within thy courts I've seen thy power,
 And learn'd to prize thy favour more
 Than life itself with all its joys :
 There let thy smiles again appear,
 Again my drooping spirit cheer,
 And to thy praise attune my voice.

3

Not all the dainties of a feast
 Can give such pleasures to my taste,
 As from thy sacred presence spring ;
 Then, till my last expiring day,
 I'll lift my hands to praise and pray,
 And tune my joyful lips to sing.

161. C: M.

1

O, **HERE**, if ever, God of love!
 Let strife and hatred cease;
 And every heart harmonious move,
 And every thought be peace.

2

Not here, where met to think on him,
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come, to dim
 The prayer dévotion pours.

3

No, Gracious Master; not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been;
 The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.

4

Thy Kingdom come, we watch, we wait
 To hear the cheering call.
 When Heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

162. L. M.

1

ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who dost o'er all creation reign !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
Through all eternity the same.

2

Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still,
With undiminished lustre shine.

3

Fountain of being! **Source** of good!
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4

Earth may, with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great **Creator's** will;
But thou forever art the same,
I AM, is thy memorial still.

163. P. M.

1

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On God alone: He made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train ;
 His truth forever stands secure ;
 He saves the oppressed ; he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3

The Lord hath sight to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the contrite spirit peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4

He loves the sons of righteousness ;
 His smiles their daily comforts bless ;
 Their gracious God forever reigns :
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage :
 Praise him in everlasting strains !

164. C. M.

1

BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
 Which noblest freedom gives ;
 O may it all our souls refine,
 And sanctify our lives !

2

Not with a transient glance surveyed,
 And in an hour forgot ;
 But deep inscribed on every heart,
 To reign o'er every thought.

3

Great author of each perfect gift,
 Thy gracious power display ;
 That our ungrateful wandering hearts
 May hearken, and obey.

165. C. M.

1

**GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !
How weak and frail are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.**

2

**Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made :
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.**

3

**Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.**

4

**Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God ! there's nothing new.**

5

**Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.**

6

Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And glory give to thee.

166. C. M.

1

ALMIGHTY God ! thy powerful word
 From nothing, all things brought ;
 Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,
 With matchless skill were wrought.

2

By thee preserved, the whole remains
 A proof of power divine,
 And all, which this great world contains
 By sovereign right is thine.

3

To thee, and thee alone, we bow,
 To thee alone would live,
 All that we have to thee we owe,
 Ourselves to thee we give.

167. P. M.

1

YE works of God ! on him alone,
From earth, his footstool, heaven, his throne,
Be all your praise bestowed;
Whose hand this beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finished world surveyed,
And saw that all was good.

2

YE sons of men ! his praise display,
Who stamped his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move:
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

3

YE spirits of the good and just,
Who on his word of promise trust,
And daily upward soar !
O let your songs his praise display,
Till nature's self shall waste away,
And time shall be no more !

4

Praise him ye meek and humble train,
 Who shall those heavenly joys obtain,
 Prepared for souls sincere!
 Now praise him till you take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 To dwell forever there.

168. C. M.

1

Rejoice, ye righteous ! in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you ;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word
 How holy, just, and true.

2

By his creative word of might,
 The heavenly arch was reared ;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appeared.

3

His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wondrous name;
 His mercy and his righteousness,
 Let heaven and earth proclaim.

169. L. M.

1

GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power :

2

Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3

While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4

O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod ;
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a Guardian God !

470. C. M.

1

In vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide ;
One word from him dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2

His wisdom sees correction meet,
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads,
Through every trembling land.

3

His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease ;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4

Mortals adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

178. C. M.

1

Hast thou not heard, hast thou not known,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him,
Who formed the earth and sky ?

2

Art thou afraid his power shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3

Supreme in wisdom as in power,
The rock of ages stands ;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

4

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.

174. P. M.

1

BLEST are the meek, the sacred train,
 Who from all violence refrain,
 Thro' life's still changing scene ;
 Who, though the tempest rages fast,
 Amidst the fury of the blast,
 Are gentle and serene!

2

The Power which shakes the mountain's brow,
 And bids the knotted oak to bow,
 And binds the eagle's wings,
 Yet spares the lily's tender form,
 And sheds the fury of the storm
 On loftier, mightier things.

3

As some pure river, deep and wide,
 In silence rolls its gentle tide,
 And seeks the boundless sea ;
 Thus unobtrusive flow their years,
 While to their ardent gaze appears
 A blest eternity!

175. L. M.

1

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings ador'd in song sublime,
 And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue ;

2

Not now on Zion's height alone
 Thy favor'd worshippers may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

3

From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
 The incense of the heart—may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4

In this thy House, whose doors we now
 For social worship first unfold,
 To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
 While circling years on years are roll'd.

5

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty bend the knee;
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 uses and its prayers to thee.

6

O thou, to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

176. P. M.

1

In life's gay spring, enchanting hours!
 When every path seems deck'd with flowers,
 When Folly, in her giddy round,
 Presents the cup, with pleasure crown'd;
 When love and joy, and young delight,
 Give to the moments rapid flight;
 Touch not the cup—avoid the snare—
 Where'er thou art, think—God is there.

2

And thou, who through life's thorny road,
 Perplex'd by care and sin, hast trod;
 Whose heart hath bled, whose eyes have wept,
 On pleasure's couch while others slept;
 Though now on life's remotest brink,
 Poor humble Christian! do not shrink;
 Though deep the flood, each doubt forbear,
 Strong to support, thy God is there!

177. S. M.

1

GLAD was my heart to hear
My good companions say,
Come—in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

2

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3

Thither let us repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

5

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

For friends and brethren dear,
 Our prayer shall never cease ;
 Oft as they meet for worship here,
 God send his people peace!

178 S. M.

How gracious is our God!
 How kind his precepts are!
 "Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care."

Since he forever reigns,
 We may securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide his children well.

O why should anxious thoughts
 Oppress the sinking mind?
 Go fall before your Father's throne,
 And sweet relief you'll find.

Devoutly fear his name,
 And know no other fear ;
 In every scene of life and death
 Your helper will be near.

179. L. M.

1

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest ;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3

Who is like God?—so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky,
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor that in him trust.

5

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

180. P. M.

HAPPY the man whose humble mind,
To Heaven's almighty will resigned,
No wild commotion knows ;
Who, free from pride's tumultuous fears,
In silence treads this vale of tears,
Rejoicing as he goes !

2

In vain does Wealth her charms unfold,
And court his gaze with gems and gold,
And all her store display ;
In vain Ambition shews her page,
And boasts her deeds from age to age,
And tempts his feet to stray.

3

Pure are his joys, and calm his soul ;
And, while he hears the tempest roll,
And sees the mountain riven,
Patient he sits beneath the vale,
Nor fears the vengeance of the gale,
But humbly trusts in heaven.

181. P M.

1

THEY that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale,

2

See what wonders God performs,
When he speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
In the chariots of the wind.

3

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd,
On the mountain of the wave ;
Down, as suddenly, 'tis hurl'd
To the abysses of the grave.

4

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

182. C. M.

How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early—only choice.

She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

188. S. M.

1

Lord, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with thee;
Man, in his highest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.

3

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

4

At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's fair beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

5

A stranger, Lord, with thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Journaled from age to age.

6

O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

184. P. M.

1

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress;
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be my love, my confidence.

2

Send thy light and truth, to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

3

Why, my soul, art thou dismayed?
Why, of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee he casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

185. L. M.

I

Why should I murmur or repine
At what may be my father's will?
Wisdom and power and love are thine;
Thy grace is all-sufficient still.

2

The trials that I here sustain,
Are needful to correct the heart;
'Tis but a momentary pain,
Eternal bliss rewards the smart.

3

Bow then, my soul, submissive bow,
And trust thy gracious father's love;
His kind design in bringing low,
Is to prepare for joys above.

4

This transient scene will soon be o'er,
Its joys, its sorrows, pass away!
This night of gloom returns no more,
But ushers in a glorious day.

5

Then shall the goodness of my God
In full, resplendent lustre shine;
Diffusing thro' the blessed abode
A joy unspeakably divine.

186. L. M.

1

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

2

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

3

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

4

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

5

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

R

167. P. M.

1

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2

When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

3

When youthful Spring around us breathes
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

488. L. M.

1

O God, our Father, and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring,
Inspire our hearts with fervent love,
Like that which fills thy courts above.

2

May we from every act abstain
That hurts, or gives our neighbor pain:
And every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

3

Still may we feel ourselves inclin'd
To be the friends of all mankind,
To seek their safety, health and ease,
Their present and eternal peace.

4

And when another's comforts raise
His soul to God in pious praise,
Teach us to count his mercies ours,
And join his praise with all our powers.

5

Let love through all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint of thine,
Thus shall we Christ's disciples be,
And sons, thou God of love, to thee.

189. C. M.

1

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see;
 O may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2

If on the wings of morn we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
 Thine arm our path surround.

3

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

4

From morn 'till noon, 'till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see;
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5

In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our friend!

190. C. M.

1

MY God, to count thy mercies o'er
 In vain my spirit tries;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

2

Thy wond'rous power and wisdom stand
 Confess'd through all my frame;
 And hourly blessings from thy hand
 Thy thoughts of love proclaim.

3

These on my heart by night I keep;
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep,
 Still find my thoughts with thee!

191. P. M.

1

YE blest inhabitants of heaven,
 To God be all your praises given;
 O praise him from the realms that lie
 Above the reach of mortal eye.
 Him praise, ye angels of the train,
 Him, all whom heaven's vast hosts contain.

192. L. M.

1

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4

Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

193. P. M.

1

FAR hence each superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain;
The truths that fill thy hallow'd page,
My happier choice, great God, engage;
Safe on thy word my trust I build,
O thou, my refuge and my shield.

2

Sustain'd by thine Almighty aid,
What danger shall my soul invade?
Nor error's cloud nor arts of sin
My soul from thy obedience win;
In vain shall these their force apply,
To turn from thy decrees mine eye.

194. C. M.

BLEST is the man who trusts the Lord,
Whose hope in God is strong!
Who makes the blessings of his word
The theme of joyful song.

2

He, like the spreading tree is seen,
Of firm and water'd root;
In year of drought with vigor green,
And yielding plenteous fruit.

195. S. M.

1

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all his saints, with joyful hearts,
Their humble praises bring.

2

By his unfading love,
His counsel, and his care,
From falling he can keep us safe,
And guard from ev'ry snare.

3

He can present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4

There all his duteous sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5

To God the only wise,
All majesty belongs,
And be his pow'r and grace ador'd
In everlasting songs.

ANTHEMS.

196.

INTRODUCTORY.

I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen.—*Calcott.*

197.

LORD of all power and might, thou that art the author—thou that art the giver of all good things; graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion.

Nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Mason.*

198.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his

hand are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands prepared the dry land. Oh, come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.—*Chapple.*

199.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come, who shall not glorify thy name? For thou only art holy, thou only art the Lord. Amen.—*Chapman.*

200.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of need.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

He delivered the poor that cried; the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, and the wise shine as the brightness of the firmament.—*Ebdon.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE want of systematic arrangement in this collection of hymns, may require some explanation. It grew up to its present state with, and like, the society that use it. Four years since, we were a small company, meeting in an almost private room, and a few hymns sufficed for the imperfect and irregular services we could then observe. As we increased in numbers, and emerged into public notice, we enlarged these forms of devotion by successive additions, until the selection became what it now is. It has been culled from the best devotional poetry we could meet with, among all the sects into which Christians are divided. The objects of discrimination have been to avoid bad poetry, and false doctrine; to render supreme worship only to the eternal Being who made all things; and to admit as great a variety of topics and measures, as would render our social religious exercises pleasing and edifying. The miscellaneous



character of our hymn book, resembles that of the bible, which has no other arrangement than what grew out of circumstances peculiar to the ages in which its parts were composed; it resembles the spangled nightly sky, where all the shining clusters lie in promiscuous forms, and with diversified brilliancy, but wherever you look there is light. To facilitate a reference to every hymn, and to produce some degree of classification, a complete alphabetical table of first lines, and an index to the subjects, are added. It is believed that the book, in its present state, will be found sufficient for the use of this church for several years to come.

ROBERT LITTLE,

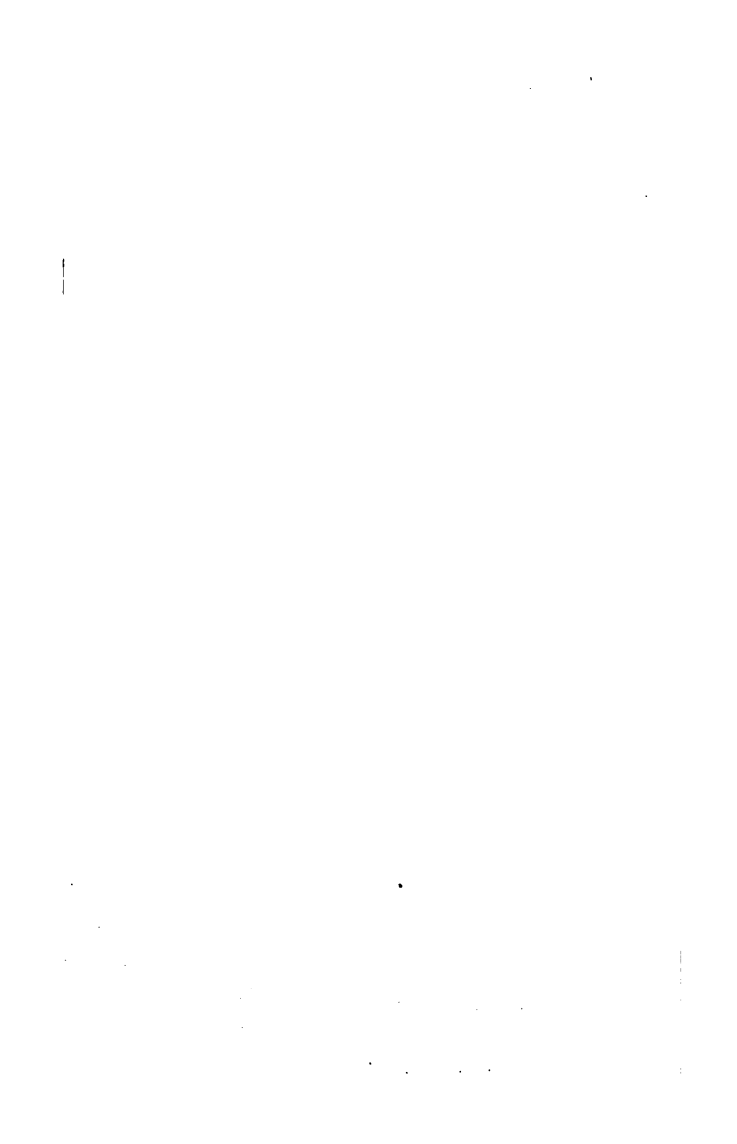
*Pastor of the First Unitarian Church in
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